Kissing time

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Kissing time

by Grumpy_Dragon_13

Summary

"You know, boss, you should mingle with the crowd, enjoy your stay after your successful and very stressful secret mission." Kono says over the phone, she sounds entirely too cheerful and Steve knows where this is going. "Relax a bit?" She finishes with a grin, he has no doubts about this. He can see it in his head as clear as a sunny day back in Hawaii. She always grins like a madman when she tries to set him up and whatnot.

Notes

Well... in this Danny moves to Hawaii later, around when Steve comes back to the Island. Steve doesn't agree to take on the Task Force until somewhere in late December, so the team's pretty new at this point of the story.

“You know, boss, you should mingle with the crowd, enjoy your stay after your successful and very stressful secret mission.” Kono says over the phone, she sounds entirely too cheerful and Steve knows where this is going. “Relax a bit?” She finishes with a grin, he has no doubts about this. He can see it in his head as clear as a sunny day back in Hawaii. She always grins like a madman when she tries to set him up and whatnot.

He sighs, “thank you for your concern, rookie but I don’t need to get laid I really don’t and if I did I’m fully capable of finding someone by myself.” He massages his temple and looks at the Yankee Stadium in the distance – Chin’s idea – now he thinks both of the cousins are in cahoots. “As for enjoying myself, I’m going to a baseball game.”

Kono stays silent for a second and Steve watches with interest the crowd moving forward; he shivers when the wind blows a little too strong to his liking and it's *April* already. The jacket he’s wearing feels a little uncomfortable and he feels out of place in it, “oh really? That’s great, Bossman!” Kono exclaims, she tries for innocent but misses by a mile. Yeah, definitely she and Chin are together on this.

“Right. I’m going to be back tomorrow evening.”

“Have fu~un” She chirps before she ends the call.

He stares at his phone for a moment before he shoots a sidelong look at the building. The ticket for a game is secured in his pocket and with determination set in, he moves forward and lets himself be swept by the people moving to the entrance.

Half an hour later he finally makes it to his seat, sweat trailing down his spine and mortification set deep in his stomach at all the bold women out there. Steve liked the Ladies attention all right but this was absurd and here Kono wants him to get it on or worse – date someone.

In all honesty, he would probably go for it but he’s tired as all hell and he just wants to enjoy a game, drinking soda and eating popcorn.

Once he settles in he looks around, scanning the stands for eventual threats before he stops himself with a shake of the head and finally relaxes into his seat. He looks around again this time more leisurely and grimaces when he catches a woman on his left staring at him appreciatively. She’s pretty, green eyes and dark hair, but the way she looks at him makes his skin crawl. He gives her an awkward smile which in hindsight is a terrible, terrible idea. She opens her mouth but whatever she want’s to say drowns in sudden commotion few seats over.

“What the hell man, look where you’re going. My popcorn all over the place now!” An angry, very short blond shouts pointing between the spilled popcorn and the man easy twice the blond’s size.

The big guy doesn’t look one bit apologetic and smirks at the shorter one in amusement which pisses Steve’s off a little bit. The blond looks unimpressed, to put it mildly, and gives the taller man a steely one thousand yard glare and how he manages to make it look like he

stares the man down doing that, Steve has no idea, he's impressed though, especially since the bigger guy squirms under the scrutiny.

"I'm sorry, man."

The blond nods, "you better be."

"I'll pay—"

"No need, looking as you're the fellow Yankee fan I'll let you off the hook." He says waving his hand dismissively, the taller guy starts to look relieved but then the blond adds in much deeper, dangerous tone, "next time, though. Next time there'll be a hell to pay." He glances at the popcorn scattered on the ground and gives it a solemn little nod before he looks at the man again, "I take my popcorn very seriously." He growls and the man holds his hands up.

"Never again, man. I promise."

The blond smiles, all teeth and narrowed eyes, "good."

The taller man turns around and quickly moves between the people to get to his seat. The blond looks down one last time, sighing deeply before he makes his way through Steve's row.

Steve catches the woman on his left once again trying to say something but the blond unconsciously saves Steve once again.

"Sorry, sorry." He says trying not to step on someone toes. The woman moves her legs glancing at the man warily, there's annoyed scowl on her pale face until she looks down and her eyes twinkle with interest.

Steve shudders because that woman is a predator in for a hunt. It's damn terrifying, to be honest.

He leans back in his seat trying to accommodate the moving man and when he glances down to check what caught the harpy's interest he blinks when he's met with said man jeans cladded bottom. A very nice one at that, possibly one of the best Steve has ever seen. The man wiggles his butt directly in front of Steve's face before he takes a final step and sits heavily with a content sigh on the chair next to Steve.

All right it might be possible that it *is*, hands down, the best ass Steve has ever seen.

The game starts and the blond turns to be a hurricane of motion and words spilling out of his mouth in a machine gun succession. He's also very loud and very dedicated to his team.

Steve's torn between being annoyed and fascinated.

He eventually pries his eyes off of him and looks back on the game. It's the bottom of the second inning when Steve chokes on his soda in a failed attempt not to spit it everywhere when he feels a hand clasp his thigh, little above his knee, someone shouts 'take that Minnesota!' But he ignores it. He swipes his mouth with the back of his hand and looks at the offended hand, he traces it up to the owner of it ready to give his loudmouth of a neighbor a

piece of his mind. He blinks in surprise when he's met with bright blue eyes. The man laughs and then beams at Steve, his other hand not currently holding his thigh like a vice, is pointed to the Homeplate where Posada just hit a home run.

"Did you see that?! Oh, My God, it was beautiful!" The guy shakes with happiness and whatever Steve had on his tongue dies a sudden death.

Steve gulps and feels a smile stretching his lips impossible to stop. "Yeah." The guy if possible smiles even wider throwing his head back and laughing loud and unabashed.

Steve's eyes travel down to the man's throat for a second before he looks back up again. To be honest, he's a little thrown by this but also fascinated and the blond looks gorgeous like that, laughing lines scrunched around his baby blues and hair tousled by the wind.

"You're new to this, aren't you?" The blond asks but without a bite, a genuine curiosity hidden in his voice.

Steve bites his lip suddenly feeling out of place, or at least more than before, "Yes, where I'm from, baseball is not big of a thing and it's my first time watching it live but I really start to see the appeal. In fact, I think I'm sold." He blabbers, *blabbers!*

He would hide his face in his hands if he could but he stares at the man head on instead.

The guy leans closer, "good, very good." He grins glancing on the field. "Baseball is worth it."

"I'll take your word for it."

The blond smiles lazily at him and something tugs at Steve's gut.

"You, my friend have an excellent taste in humble advisors, then." He drawls, accent rich and deep and doing ridiculous things to Steve.

There's a sharp intake of air and Steve muses with chagrin that apparently he's not the only one affected by this.

It should be embarrassing, really how fast that man drew Steve in without any effort at all. "Want some popcorn?" He asks biting the inside of his cheek at his entirely too eager tone of voice.

The man raises his eyebrow at him, smiling good-naturedly.

Steve leans on his seat. "Saw that guy bumping into you earlier. A real shame for such good popcorn to face a fate like that, that's why I'll gladly share mine." He smiles when the guy's face breaks into a delighted grin.

"Oh My God, you look like an awkward goof right now," He says flailing his hands, "but offering me this salty goodness? You, Babe, are a gift from Heaven how would I say no in a face of such wonderful offering. I can't. Now gimme." He makes a grabby motion and Steve barks a laugh tilting his box of popcorn for easier access.

The guy takes a handful and literally wolfs it down, closing his eyes and sighing blissfully around it, “nnn sooo good.” He cracks one eye open and peeks at Steve. He licks his lip and looks all in all relaxed and sated; something hot explodes in Steve’s lower stomach at the sight.

“Thanks.”

“No problem, man.” Steve strangles out.

He never felt such a strong pull before which is unsettling but also a little exhilarating.

After that Steve finds a lot of things about the man, little snips and snippets here and there.

“I’m a city boy but now I live in that sun infested place.” The blond says between cheers and profanities both, “my skin suffers in all that heat.” He says with wide eyes and exasperation coloring his voice

Steve laughs but when he wants to ask where does he live then, there’s a double play and the fans go wild for a moment and it slips his mind.

“I have a 9-year-old angel of a daughter.” The blond whispers going all soft and warm.

“Her mother?” Steve asks and feels like he just swallowed a bottle of acid down. The guy shudders, literally a full body shiver before he scowls and sneers, a 180 to the expression from a few seconds ago.

“A total thorn in my side.” He grits out and Steve’s not sure about the relief he feels.

He’s so immersed in the game and the talk with the blond that he’s not sure when the 7th inning stretch rolled around.

Steve always thought that kiss cams are ridiculous so when he stares at his own face on the big screen, he gapes like a fish of out of the water. A woman on his left leers at him but he doesn’t see her, he doesn’t really identify what’s going on the big screen with the reality. The screen blinks at him challengingly and Steve likes a challenge, loves it in fact so before his brain catches on, he turns to his right and grins wickedly at the blond who’s looking at him with wide eyes.

“Wha—” He starts but Steve cups his face into his hands and interrupts him with a kiss.

Steve expected a lot of things from this but the want uncoiling in his stomach wasn’t one of them, everything around him just falls silent, literally, but his focus is on the man before him.

The blond opens his mouth in surprise and Steve takes a chance and darts his tongue forward to lick into his mouth, and it’s hot and rich like his Jersey accent. He sucks on his bottom lip and the man moans into his lips making Steve let out a satisfied growl at the sound and when the man starts to kiss back, it’s so much better even if Steve thought it’s not possible.

He doesn’t even have time to think that ‘holy shit I’m kissing a man,’ when all hell breaks loose and the stadium erupts in cheers, startling him enough to let the man go, who damn it

all is flushed right to the tips of his ears and looks absolutely dazed. Steve really wants to kiss him more.

It's not like he didn't think about guys this way, but it was in high school years and when he went into the Navy he never entertained an idea to be with a man until now apparently.

He feels a sudden chill when he thinks about DADT, even if it's going to be repealed somewhere later in the year, and when it dawns on him what he did he looks in mortification at the screen where the kiss is replayed. Steve has to admit, it looks hot it also looks like he wanted to suck the blonde's soul through his tonsils but all he can feel is the dread at the consequences of his act. He looks at the man and he looks no better than Steve, even if he's still blushing deliciously or maybe it's just flush of embarrasment.

Well, that's a complication Steve thinks.

The man turns slowly to look at him with hooded eyes and tilt of his head, "that was..." He starts and bites his lip, Steve's eyes going down of their own volition, it's a mistake especially since he's met with very red, very swollen and very shiny lips.

"Yeah." Steve nods still staring at those lips and it dawns on him then that he knows the man is divorced with a daughter and takes his sweets very seriously. but he doesn't know his *name*.

"I'm Steve." He says and the blond blinks at him not comprehending what he's on about until his eyes widen and he cracks, laughing loud and maybe a little bit hysterical.

Steve grins before he bursts out into his own little hysterical hiccups.

The guy swipes his eyes, taking away the tears that pooled in the corners of his eyes. "Danny. I'm Danny." He says trying to stop the giggles but doing a rather poor job of it. He holds his hand for Steve to shake which he takes giddily.

He's not ready when Danny pulls him forward and glances over his shoulder before he whispers into Steve's ear, "that woman next to you scares me. She looks like she wants to eat us." He murmurs and Steve shudders, feeling the woman eyes on them and he doesn't want to know what ideas she has in her head. Danny brushes his lips over his earlobe and this time Steve shakes from completely different reason. "What do you say to evacuate as quickly as possible after the game ends?"

It's such bad idea, Steve thinks. So, of course, he says no.

"Yes."

Well, apparently his lips have a mind of their own, now.

He can work with that.

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Chin looks from his tablet to look at Steve, “HPD is going to send someone to work with us on Martinez case, apparently the guy crossed our suspect way back in the day. Pinned down the Del Carlo family Martinez was a part of.”

Steve nods, “Who is it?”

Chin hums, “Detective Daniel Williams. He’s pretty new on HPD, a transfer from the mainland. He’s working for them for 8 months now.”

“Hmm, when is he going to be here?” He looks up from the file on Martinez he’s holding. He’s not entirely keen on the idea of working with someone from HPD but if this Williams worked on Martinez before then he can give them a valuable insight.

Kono enters, “right about now, actually.”

They hear the entrance door open and Steve turns to their guest and promptly stops in his track staring in shock at the man who came in.

“Hello, I’m Detective Danny Williams, HPD assign—” The man starts but stops midsentence looking at Steve with surprise. “Steve?!” He shouts and then makes a complicated move with his hands that Steve helplessly follows still too frozen to comprehend what the hell is going on.

“It’s me.” He agrees after a moment trying to fight off a grin that overtakes his face in answer to Danny’s own.

“What the hell are you doing here, babe?”

Chin and Kono look startled, maybe confused he’s not sure he ignores them in favor of Danny.

“Living here, actually.” He frowns, “wait so the sun infested place you live in is Hawaii?”

Danny grins at him even wider now, nodding his head with fervor and making more complicated moves with his hands. Steve’s heart falls over itself at the memory of the kiss they shared at the stadium and then so much more in the safety of Danny’s hotel room; he thinks about all the things that could go wrong when Danny starts walking in his direction open and brilliant. Steve needs to nip it in the bud now. He can’t risk his life for a man he barely knows. Man, he thought he’ll never see again.

“What do you say for steaks and beer at my place tonight?” He says playfully but with intention dripping from his voice. After a second he adds, "and a baseball game in TV?"

Well, so much for it then.

Danny almost purrs when he agrees.

They completely forget about the cousins who look at eachother and exchange shit eating grins of evil and destruction.

The next day when Steve and Danny walk into the office wearing the same satisfied and smug smiles, being relaxed and in each other space, they stop when they see a very familiar video - from one certain kiss cam - on the screen above the tech table.

Steve decides, looking at Danny's slightly embarrassed face who despite that is still smiling lazily, that he couldn't care less if the whole wide world saw that damn video.

"Work for five-0." He says.

Danny blinks at him, scratches his nape looking at Steve like he just grew another head. Steve crosses his arms over his chest because he already blurted it out so there's no way he's going to back down now. Danny sighs and gives him a calculating look.

"I can't say 'no' can I?"

Steve smiles, "no, not really."

Danny shakes his head but his mouth twitch slightly and Steve knows he won this. "All right, you loon. Have it your way."

Steve barely holds the urge to smack Danny's ass right here and there.

Going to the baseball game? Best idea ever.

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Kono and Chin are looking through the blinds in her office at the pair, the whole scene unfolding before their eyes, making them chuckle.

"Well, Bossman sure moves fast." She says and Chin nods. "How long do you think will take them to get married?" Kono asks after a second of mulling it over.

Chin raises his brow at his cousin, "bet?"

Kono grins with delight, "you're on, cuz."

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